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Ad Astra per Aspera

WESLEYAN COLLEGE

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Among the Contributors

In this issue of The Wesleyan, the staff is introducing a new feature—portraits of campus personalities. These pictures were done by Miss Lucy Fulghum, freshman literary editor, whose talents very evidently extend beyond the limits of literature.

Miss Arnelle Lewis is a new contributor who is being introduced through her charmingly written one-act-play, "Bent Wings." "The Trend of Modern Philosophy" is an interesting, authoritative dissertation on the development of thinking written by Miss Ellen Neille Smith.

In the realm of fiction for the month, Miss Dixie Jones, Miss Carolyn Bacon, and Miss Marguerite Rhodes, have all written most excellent short stories.

Miss Modena McPherson has given us some more of her exquisite poetry as have also Miss Lucy Fulghum, Miss Frances Zachry, and Miss Martha Oattis.



Foreword

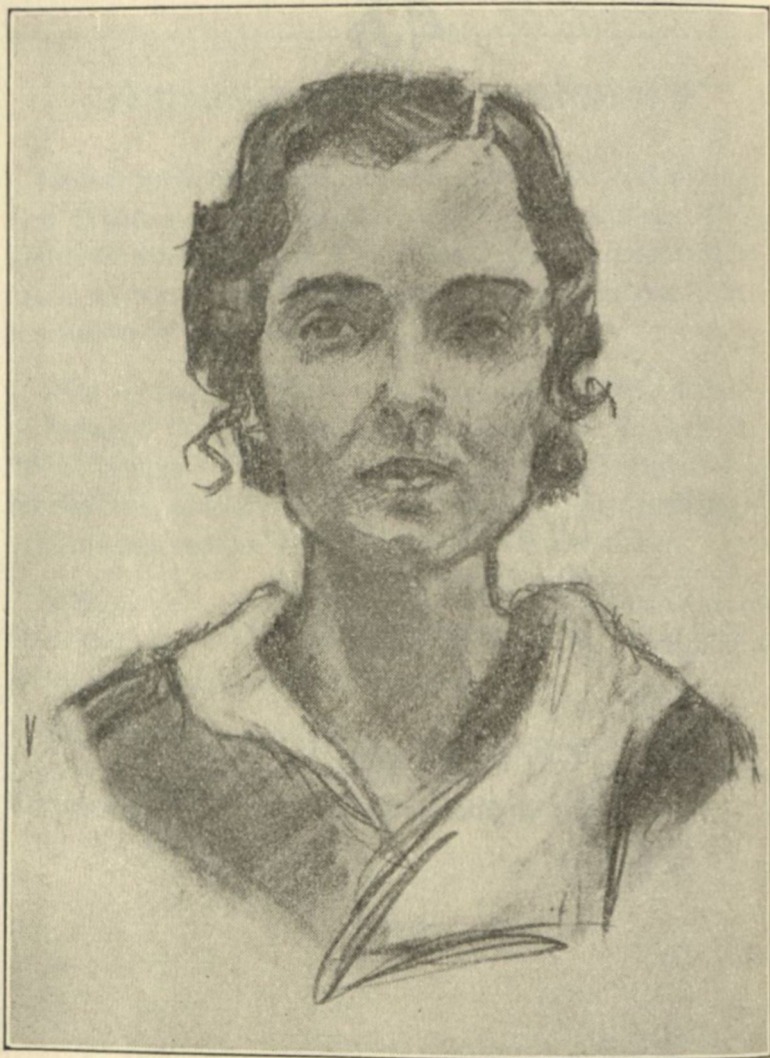
Spring . . .

*Dreamy and inspiring;
Effacing the chill tang
Of a too cruel winter;
Promising the beauty
Of a gracious summer;*

Spring . . .

*The incarnation
Of a poet's vision.*





MISS AGNES HIGHSMITH,
who has been elected president of the Young Women's Christian
Association for the coming year.

Drawing by Lucy Fulghum



MISS ANNE HERNDON,
who is to be next year's head of the Student
Government Association.

Drawing by Lucy Fulghum

Truce

BY MODENA MCPHERSON

Enough, enough—
This bitterness wells up
And must have out.
Take my hand again,
And let us once more wipe the stardust
Off the moon.
Is it too soon
To heal the wounds caused by our
thrusts,
And still this quickening pain?
Enough, I cry, let us turn about—
Together let us kneel to break the bread
and take the cup—

Our friendship was a fragile, slender
thing,
Mixed both with heaven and, too, a little
Earth—The memory's there. I can't for-
get—
Within my heart I hear its bitter ring.
Let loose the tears, my dear, your heart's
turned brittle—

Slowly melts when heated by my heart's
flame.

What matter who's to blame?

I only know that we were meant
To use the lovely thing that God had
sent

With careful hands—

And we were clumsy once. The fingers
Grow more skillful from experience pain
has brought.

The end was not a thing that we had
sought—

You know that, too, as I; let's both ob-
literate

The bitter memory which lingered
From a love slow changed to hate—

I kill my pride and bury up my false an-
tipathy;

Lean close, my dear; I clasp your hand
and feel

This new-found marvel very lovely.



Bent Wings

A ONE-ACT PLAY

BY ARNELL LEWIS

CHARACTERS

Jeremiah Howard ----- A Wealthy Old Man.
 Nora Howard ----- His Niece.
 June ----- A Spirit.
 John Kent ----- Nora's Husband.

Scene: To the left of the stage is a large fireplace, with an old fashioned mantle, above which is a life-sized portrait of a young woman, small-featured and lovely. There is a large reading chair and a lamp by the fire. The room gives the appearance of being richly but darkly furnished. The lights are low, a fire half slumbers in the grate, and the whole gives an atmosphere of gloom. Jeremiah, a white-haired, stern looking man is seated at the desk. As the curtain rises, voices are heard off stage, and after a moment, Nora, Jeremiah's niece enters from the right. She appears to be about eighteen and has a careless, but subdued air about her. Her coat is sprinkled with snow. As she enters, she throws her hat on the davenport.

Nora: Oh, hello.

(She scarcely looks at Jeremiah and goes over to the fire. A look, first of tenderness flashes across his face, only to be replaced by one of bitter grimness.)

Jerry: Good evening, Nora. Aren't you rather late—and out in this weather too.

Nora: Yes, a little.

Jerry: I don't like your staying out with that crowd of yours and you know it.

Nora: Ah, yes. But why not! I feel sometimes as if I'll go crazy in this house. Anything is better than being here.

Jerry: (Sternly) Why should you feel that way? Your comfort has not been neglected here, I think.

Nora: Oh, why should I know? (More calmly) I only know that at times I feel as if I can't stand it another moment—and then I have to leave. Oh, I'm tired of it all!

Jerry: Nora! Have you been with John Kent again?

Nora: (After a moment's hesitation.) Yes.

Jerry: (Having risen from his desk.) So—that's the reason you dash in here in one of your tantrums—like a child. You're always like a little wild woman after you've been with that young fool. I've told you to stay away from him, and now young lady, we'll see that you do!

Nora: But Uncle Jerry, you don't realize—

Jerry: I realize that he's the one who puts all your dissatisfaction into you and makes you hate your home!

Nora: (Bitterly, with tears in her eyes.) Ah, no—you can't say that—It's you who have done that—you with your cold, bitter ways against me—you with your selfishness and disregard of anyone else's feelings!

Jerry: What! You impudent young hussey—you ungrateful—after the comforts you've had—the money—and the opportunities.

Nora: Yes—everything one could wish for, but happiness and someone to love and be loved by—everything except freedom. Oh, Uncle Jeremiah, your money doesn't count, nor the things you buy me with it, when you are domineering, hard, and cruel. Why

don't you ever want me to be with the ones I like—to have friends and to enjoy things that other girls love so? Why do you always preach to me about having good times? Can't you see?

Jerry: (Taken back) Nora, don't say that. I've done all for you that any one could. I've cared for you ever since your father, my brother, died. I've given you this home.

Nora: O, I know. Don't think I'm not grateful to you for it, but you just don't understand. You've kept me here to gaze out of the windows at others having fun, and life, and I have longed to be with them and away from this gloomy old house. Oh! (shudders) at times I feel as though this has been the scene of some great tragedy in the past, a place of suffering and longing—and loneliness. I remember how, when I was little, I used to wake up in the night and feel some ethereal presence hanging over me, mourning and sighing. I used to think maybe the lovely woman up here in the picture sympathized with me, and I'd slip in and unfold my heart to her.

Jerry: (With head bowed, almost to himself) After all I've done—this. (Sternly, to Nora) Your gratitude is strangely expressed. I've tried hard—hard to shield you from the world, and yet you tell me you've seen that—that fellow again.

Nora: Hush, Uncle Jerry! We love each other.

Jerry: You love—he loves—the devil you say! You dare see him again! Understand? You are not to lay eyes on him—humph! Gad, you'll leave for Europe tomorrow!

Nora: (Quietly) No, Uncle Jerry, I can't do that. (She holds out her left hand to him.) You see, we were married this afternoon, John and I. He's coming for me in a little while, and I'm going with him to South America. (Startled, Jerry drops speechless into the chair.)

Oh, I don't know how to tell you, only, knowing how you hated him, we couldn't see any other way out, and he was leaving tomorrow—perhaps for good—to take over the factory there.—I don't suppose you've ever loved in all your life; so you won't understand—you haven't understood before.

Jerry: Come, Nora. I'll tell you something. Let me hold your hand in mine—so soft, so little, so like that other little hand. You see, my dear you are young, and you love; you can't believe that a hard old man like me ever felt as you do. Perhaps I have done wrong not to have told you this long ago, but somehow I couldn't bring myself to it. (The door bell rings. Nora gets up quietly and goes to answer it. She returns with John Kent, a nice-looking, strong-featured young man. The older man rises and for a moment they look at each other. John goes to Jeremiah.)

John: Mr. Howard—(the look on the other man's face stops him, but he holds out his hand, which Jeremiah stiffly refuses to take.)

Jerry: Will you sit down, Mr. Kent. I have just started to tell my niece a story she should have known long ago, and it would be best for you to hear it too.

John: I shall be glad to hear your story, Mr. Howard.

(Jeremiah sits on left end of davenport. Nora on right, John in chair. For a moment Jerry sits with his head bowed, a sad expression on his face. After while he begins—slowly—in a voice deep with memory and sorrow.)

Jerry: Neither of you, I think, has ever heard what I am going to tell you. Your father, Nora, even had you been old enough to remember, never mentioned it because he knew how deeply I had been hurt. Your mother, Mr. Kent, would—not have told you.

(He stops again as though wondering just how to begin.) It was just forty years ago that she and I were married—

(Nora gives a little gasp and leans forward.)

Nora: Who, Uncle Jerry?

Jerry: Do not interrupt me—

She was the dearest thing on earth to me—lovely, carefree—like a gay little bird filled with song. I was proud to have won her for my own, for many had loved her—one other especially, a handsome devil! But she chose me, and now I loved her! The world just then seemed too good to me. I was just starting out in business, and was rising rapidly to success. The thought of her at home urged me on, but in my eagerness, I became forgetful of her happiness. All of my days and most of my evenings were spent at work. I was a hard task-master, and my men began to hate me—but still I strove, and I was blind to the droop of my little bird's wings, for she still managed a little gayety when I was around. And then—our baby died. She was entirely changed after that, but her sad little smile only made me love her the more deeply.

We had been married a year and a half, when one evening, I suddenly thought how nice it would be to go home early and spend the evening together as we once had done. All at once it dawned on me how sad she had seemed that morning when I left, and I determined to send her away for a rest.

It was storming hard that night—just as it is now—and I remember the feeling of warmth that came over me as I entered this house. But I was disappointed not to find her home. Thinking she had perhaps run over to a neighbor's, I sat down there at my desk to finish some work before she should return.

And then I found her note. O! The agony of it—the first disbelief and then the gradual dawning of the incredible truth. She was gone never to return. She was gone with her former lover. Later they were married. After

that, I might as well have been dead for all I felt, save hatred for the world. And then, Nora, you came to me—just a baby. I didn't want you, but there was nothing else to do. Your father and mother were both dead, and I owed that much to your father, the only person in the world I trusted. I think it must have been once when I scolded you for something, and you laughed outright at me and running up to me said, "Uncle Derry, drunt adin like de bear," that I first began to love you. You took the place in my heart that had been empty so long—and I cared so much for you, that as you began to grow up, I was afraid lest you too would be snatched away from me by the world I hated; I tried to hoard you, like a miser with his gold, for you are my gold.

(He stops and bows his head in his hands.)

Nora: O, poor Uncle Jerry—how you must have suffered, but who was this lovely, cruel creature?

Jerry: No, no, she was not cruel. I tried to think that at first, but her picture there seemed to haunt me—

Nora: Her picture—!

Jerry: Yes, my dear. You thought it merely a fancy painting, but it is of her—though she had changed so much that, this which was done before our marriage, scarcely resembled her. At times, her spirit seemed almost to speak to me from it, and rebuke me. I became full of remorse for my own selfishness, and of bitter hatred for the man who took her away from me, and I still hate him with all the rancor of my being for stealing my June away. (John starts, and Jerry looks at him.)

John: June!!

Jerry: Yes, June—your mother, and your father, Harry Kent—the man whom she married.

Nora: Oh!

(John puts his arm around her shoulder and bows his head. Nora creeps to her uncle and takes his hand in hers.)

O, Uncle Jerry—then—then—that is why—that is the reason you hate John!

(Jeremiah stands up with dignity. John Kent rises slowly and confronts him.)

John: I did not know—Mr. Howard, I—

Jerry: But now you know. Your blood has brought enough sorrow on me and mine—now go!

Nora: O, Uncle Jerry!

John: No, Mr. Howard. I will not go—not until you have heard what I have to say—and then, if she will, Nora shall go with me.

(Nora comes to his side.)

Jerry: (Growing very angry and clenching his fists.)

Nora will not go with you after what she knows!

(Nora starts to speak but John interrupts.)

John: She may judge that for herself. I was only ten years old when my parents died. I don't remember much about either of them except that my mother was sometimes sad and I used to wonder why, although she always seemed gay around my father, I sometimes found her weeping—but I never knew. My father seemed her only comfort, and after he died, she too, soon wasted away. Why do you hold your hatred against me?

Jerry: You are his own, and the woman's who deserted me.

John: I do not blame her. You broke her with your selfishness and hardness, just as you have tried to do to Nora. My father loved her and he was good to her.

Jerry: He ruined my home!

John: He saved the delicate spirit you had crushed!

(John turns away and walks to the fire.)

Nora: (Going to him.)

Uncle Jerry, how can you hold a grudge against John for what his father and mother did. He's not to blame.

Jerry: He's their son—the son of the woman I loved and another man—the two who have caused me the greatest sorrow of my life—you must forget him.

Nora: But I love him.

Jerry: You must Nora. I will not have you go with him—oh, Nora, you're all I have left. (He puts his hands on her shoulder, she bows her head.) You do care for me a little, Nora—you won't leave me too?

Nora: I love you, Uncle Jerry, I can care more for you now that I understand your sorrows, but is the sorrow and unhappiness you have suffered any reason to cause John and me to suffer?

(Jerry's head is bowed and he doesn't speak for a moment.)

Jerry: Your love will die in time.

Nora: Your love for June has lived, even though she was with someone else. You aren't going to separate us as you and she were separated?

Jerry: It is for the best, my dear.

Nora: Then, Uncle Jerry, I must leave against your wishes.

(She turns from him slowly and hesitates a moment, then turns abruptly to John.)

Nora: I'll go with you in just a moment, John.

(She goes out of the door at the rear. The men stand for an instant, then John takes a few steps toward Jeremiah.)

John: Mr. Howard, I hardly know what to say, for this has been a blow to me—

Jerry: Why say anything to me—you have everything I cherish now—

John: Would you have been happy to cherish someone into whose life you'd brought sorrow and bitterness? You couldn't keep us apart in soul—we love too much for that. Would you want the one you loved hating you for your selfishness? You've bent Nora's wings just as you did my mother's. Would you break them?

Jerry: You—you are his son!

John: But I am her son too!

(They stand there for a moment. Nora enters with a suitcase and dressed in her hat and coat.)

John: (Almost pleading) Mr. Howard—
(Nora steals to her uncle as John turns away. Jeremiah is standing with his hands clasped behind his back, looking at the portrait of June over the mantel.)

Nora: Dear Uncle Jerry, have you no word for us?

(He is silent, and after a moment, she turns away with bowed head. John puts his arm about her and, taking up the suitcase, they start out of the door. Jeremiah slowly turns around.)

Jerry: Nora! John!

(They turn and he starts to them. As she grasps his meaning, Nora flings her arms about him. Jeremiah takes her in his arms, and reaches out his other hand for John, who takes it.)

Nora: You do forgive us!

John: I knew you would, sir.

Jerry: Go—and God bless you! May he forgive me. Go—Go!

(Nora kisses him a last time and turns to go. Jeremiah puts his arm around John's shoulder and shakes his hand. They go out, leaving him standing with bowed head.)

Slowly he turns. He looks up at the portrait.)

Jerry: June!—

(He drops into the chair by the fire.)
Gone, Gone, all I have—oh!

(His head drops—the fire has burned to embers.)

There is a sharp blast without, and the door on the right blows open. The spirit of June enters softly, dressed in a long white gown.)

June: Jerry, Jerry!

Jerry: (One figure remains in the chair, but another, that of a young Jerry, stands slowly and looks around.)

June!

June: Yes, I've come back, dear. Oh I was afraid you were going to let your hatred overcome you—and then I could never have been with you.

Jerry: But you left me.

June: Ah, Jerry, I loved you too much to think of hating you as I would had I stayed with you!

Jerry: But—you—he—Harry Kent.

June: Harry felt sorry for me, was good to me. You loved me, but you were not good to me.

Jerry: Was I so terrible?

June: It took you a long time to learn. I used to come here and try somehow to make you understand—but you could not hear me. Nora seemed to feel me near, but she could not understand. But tonight, my message was clearer to both of you and you at last forgave the hatreds you had held so long.

Jerry: Why is it I can see you and hear you so plainly now?

June: Ah, my dear, look there—in the chair. That is only the shell of a hard, selfish old man, bowed down at last in death through grief and forgiveness. We will leave him there and together we will go to watch over those two dear young things—for they shall live our love for us.



Winds blow cold
and tear loose in their bold,
daring way the garments of the poor.

The storms come
and destroy the work of the sun
leaving fields bereft of grain.

Sorrows come, too,
in the hearts of those who
have never done any great wrong.

Some accept it with a sigh;
while others raise an agonizing cry.
—By Frances Zachry.

The Guinea Woman

BY DIXIE JONES

THE border towns of Georgia look down with considerable snobbishness upon the nearby rural inhabitants of Alabama. Although the officers of the law on both sides of the river make some attempt at co-operation, extradition is never so effective as direct pursuit, and consequently, a good deal of suspected outlawry continues from year to year in the sparser settled section without being hunted out. Nearly all of the petty law-breakers discountenanced by the respectable Georgia towns seek refuge across the river.

Not the least among the illegal activities taking place just west of the Chattahoochee is the manufacture of liquor. Although whiskey made in the Georgia distilleries is, no doubt, equal in every respect to the Alabama variety, the very word, "bootleg," causes the mind of the self-respecting citizen of the Georgia towns to revert immediately to the back sides of those great timbered hills in Southeastern Alabama, to the steep, overgrown hollows, and to those narrow wagon trails which seem to wander aimlessly through the rank growth of the damp valleys.

The particular trail chosen by my friend, Montfort, and me just two weeks ago was different from the ordinary ones in that the two deep trenches between the rank sedges had been beaten smooth with much travelling. There were imprints of automobile tires in the pulverized white earth, and the tall weeds of the middle growth were bruised and flexible.

Yes, this road had been much travelled of late, and the same occurrence which had attracted the many others was now the cause of our retracing it. It was the road at the end of which the "guinea woman" had lived.

Montfort had been a college friend of

mine appointed by the state rather late in the case to solve the mystery of her death. Montfort had been to the scene several times since his arrival and was now returning to try a scheme which he boastfully "dared to fail." He was taking me along partly for the assistance I could give him, but principally just to afford me the pleasure he thought I would find in seeing the thing completely solved.

"Well, Tom, what was the woman like," Montfort asked, "and why do you call her the guinea woman?"

"The guinea woman? — Oh, no one knew why they called her that," I said, "except that none of us knew her name, and somehow she always gave us that vague sensation which the guinea fowl gives. Her appearance really was somewhat like that peculiar bird. She was rather stout, and she would amble along the streets on her short legs with that same jerky sort of walk that the guinea uses. And then, she was always grayish. She had sandy hair that she pulled down in little biscuits over her ears. Her light eyes were always obscured by her low brow and puffy cheeks, and when she smiled, or giggled rather, they disappeared completely within her head."

"How often did she come to town?" Montfort asked, and I was delighted that he was interested in the little that I knew about her just from the comment of my neighbors and from seeing her about the streets.

"Oh, every day," I answered. "She hardly ever failed to come driving along in her buggy."

"And what sort of an animal did she drive?"

"Just a scrubby old mule. She used to let the creature wait for hours while she fooled around the grocery stores with her measely produce."

"Did she ever spend much money?"

"Well, no," I said, "the shopkeepers rather complained that she never bought anything. She kept them busy for hours looking at their stocks, and then she would make some excuse and walk out. She had money, they knew, for whenever she did purchase a small notion, she would take out a roll of bills which made them gasp. And they were all jealous, because they never succeeded in their attempts to reduce it."

"Well, there's something in that," my friend exclaimed delightedly. "You heard Tom, about Sheriff Aiker finding a copper still over there near the woman's home?"

"No, how does that figure?"

"I've an idea that old Alf, her husband, was making whiskey, and Amy, the guinea woman, as you call her, was selling it in Georgia along with her little farm produce."

"Yes," I said, "that might explain the roll, but that is not the big point here."

"No, not exactly," Montfort replied, with impatience, "but, my dear fellow, a man must get every fact about the people in a case like this. And besides you know what is likely to happen where unlawful traffic is going on. The least quarrel may bring on a crime of the first magnitude. Now go on, what was that you said yesterday about her having some sort of an affair?"

"Oh yes, people said that she was in love with a clerk at that first corner grocery. I don't know just how serious it was except that the clerk's wife used to keep a watchful eye on him whenever the woman was in town. And she always insisted on dealing with this employee rather than with the owner of the place. The grocer told me once that he was suspicious of her, but had not been able to find out anything definitely."

"Um-huh, you know, Tom, what I am driving at by now, don't you?"

I was obliged to confess that I had not seen his point.

"I believe that husband of hers, old

Alf, is responsible for her death. That is what we are going to try out today. He was in town when we left, there at that same corner grocery. We are going up to his house and we are going to hide in the barn to be there when he comes. You remember how I used to amuse the fellows at the university with my ventriloquy? Well, I am going to try it out on this old guy. He has, no doubt, never heard that such an art exists, and we'll not let him have the least suspicion of our presence."

We had rounded a curve, or a corner rather, as nearly all of the turns in these narrow farm roads might be called. The trail was suddenly widened and the sedges along the sides were completely flattened for fifty feet or more.

"This," said Montfort, "is the spot where she was killed, throat cut, clubbed, and mangled right here."

It was not surprising. The place seemed well suited for the scene of such a crime. The timber was thick a few feet away, and we could tell that there had been dense thickets so close to the trail that a vehicle could scarcely pass through. A few feet away was a small stream which had to be forded. A mossy foot log lay across it, but we splashed through in the machine and ascended the sharp incline to the clean bare ground which made up the yard of the house. Montfort instinctively backed the car around to the far side of the barn where it could not be seen by anyone approaching the house.

The cabin was an outstretched three room affair, two bare unpainted blocks separated by a dog-trot, an open porch running through the house and extending back toward a somewhat smaller block which formed the kitchen. A thick, hewn log very much worn on the outer edge, served as the step to the porch. There did not appear to be any person on the premises, but as we passed the opening through the house, I saw a white headed old man apparently asleep on a quilt at the other end.

Cautiously we moved back to the barn. I stood in a vacant corner near the edge of the shed, and Montfort climbed into the hayloft.

"Be ready to run to the house when I snap my fingers," he directed me. "We may have to wait a long time before that poky old mule gets here. There is no other animal on the place. Just as I thought that mule he is driving is the same one that the guinea woman used to drive to town."

We had a long and impatient wait, but just as dusk was deepening, we heard the harsh grind of the rusted old buggy wheels on the hard earth.

"He's coming," we whispered together.

Alf drove up to the shed and leaped stiffly from the high seat. He opened the back pocket of the vehicle and set out several brown stone jugs. Then he took out another and shook the contents near his large red ear. I was standing so close to him that I could hear the slush of the liquid inside.

Alf's flushed skin grew a little redder as he threw back his corded lean neck and poured the fiery liquid down his throat. His glassy eyes glowed like embers when he set the jug down and stopped the neck with the bundle of rags he had taken out of it.

Then he began the night's feeding, throwing a pail of corn to a couple of razor backed hogs in a nearby pen. As the pigs crunched the corn, he began pulling out pieces of hay and laying them in the manger for the mule. The animal began to rear. Alf jerked at the cotton rope which formed the harness, but the mule continued to act disturbed, eying Alf in the face and snorting.

From the other side of the barn I could see a long pole and Montfort's hand punching at the mule.

Then from somewhere in the mules nostrils came a harsh, deep noise, perfectly inhuman.

"I AIN'T A-GONNA EAT THAT HAY YOU GIME," it roared.

"I AIN'T A-GONNA EAT IT."
"YOU KILLED AMY."

The frightened Alf drew back against the hayloft. The liquor he had drunk was just beginning to take effect, making him more than ever a prey to superstition.

Again the mule reared up and tossed his head.

"NAW, NAW, I WON'T EAT THAT HAY."

"I DON'T EAT FROM THE HAND THAT MURDERED AMY."

This time the poor Alf gave way. He took to his feet and ran heavily to the house where a dim oil lamp was now burning.

Montfort's fingers had snapped when Alf turned and I ran quietly after him. Alf leaped up on the dog-trot and entered one of the big rooms. My friend and I hovered near the door.

"O, Big Paw, Big Paw," Alf shouted as he crouched at the old one's knees.

"Even the mule knows I killed her."

Montfort was taking down the confession in short hand.

"You killed 'er, Al? You killed 'er?" the old man's sleepy face was gathering strength from the astonishment.

"Yeah, I killed 'er. An' now everybody knows it, even the mule. He won't eat from my hand, because I killed 'er. I b'lieve her ghost is in the mule. Big Paw, the mule accused me whin I started ter feed 'im. Her ghost made the mule talk."

The old man drew back from him in horror. "You killed 'er, Al? Whut made yer kill 'er?"

"She took my liquor that I stayed up all night ter make an' give ter er man in town, give ter that Georgia cracker at Parker's grocery sto'e."

The man's face was glowing red with liquor and excitement. He seemed to have gone into a trance and he talked as if his tongue had been oiled by a hidden spring as he told how he had gone into

town to watch her because she had not brought in the right amount of money.

"Yeah, I saw 'er slip er jug ter 'im under er basket of turnips. Thin I wint back an' waited fer 'er. Yeah, I killed 'er.

I killed 'er, an' I chunked the knife in the branch."

Then I saw Montfort pulling the handcuffs out of his pocket. The death of the guinea woman was solved.



GOOD NIGHT

The great red candy disc of a sun
Has smeared the face of the sky;
Has streaked its cheeks with black and red,
Has tangled its curly golden head,
And left it hanging high.

The little pink clouds that cluster close
Gather the sky to their breast.
They bathe away the red sticky streaks;
They smoothe the hair and soothe the cheeks
And lull it to sleep, to rest.

The mother moon comes slowly out
And sets the stars alight;
She stretches her crescent self straight and tall
And breathes a prayer to the God of it all;
Then kisses her child good-night.

IDLING WISH

I want a thick mat of green grass and new leaves.

I want a slender tree with petunias gathered 'round as if in friendly conversation.

I want to hear a crisp hibiscus leaf crackle 'neath the pressure of a firm brown hand; I want to see the red blossoms leap from the dull, rich leaves.

I want a chipper sparrow to hop about on wiry, spindling legs.

I want to stretch and doze beneath an ever distant sun, only to be roused by the odors on the breezes.

I want a clean wind to run cool, careless fingers through my hair.

I want to idle an hour of youth, alone except, perhaps, for you.

—Lucy Fulghum.

ON HEARING A CERTAIN SONG

Only a song, but spinning a thread of memories.

Strains laden with love because

They frame a face that smiles.

Those haunting notes sang

The lyric harmony of an exquisite theme,

Warming my soul when it was bare

As the wind swept crag

Reaching upward in its shivering nakedness

To receive the protecting mantle of the skies.

Music is the voice of Eternal Love
For which the Song is but a Messenger.

The Trend of Modern Philosophy

BY ELLEN NEILL SMITH

MODERN thought is giving us a new philosophy of life, a philosophy which enables us to see our lives with a new significance in the life of the universe, a philosophy which is uplifting the individual man and the society of man.

In order to understand just how significant is this trend we must examine the predicament of the philosophical world before the inception of the modern period, that period dating from the beginning of the Twentieth century.

The most momentous occurrence in recent decades has been the downfall of accepted certainties in physics, that science which more than any other has set the pattern for our intelligent thinking. Physics in the beginning, of course, had no intention of displacing the religious or spiritual views of the world. However as physical discoveries followed close upon the heels of one another, opening up a universe far vaster than, and different from what had hitherto been conceived, the description of the world given by the religious writers increasingly seemed to be without warrant to the scientists of the Nineteenth century, and we find in the thought of that age, as it was influenced by physical science, a distinct trend toward a materialistic conception of the universe and life.

The influence which physical science has always had on philosophy as it takes form in naturalism, appealed mainly in the mechanical theory originated by Galileo and perfected by Newton. By discovering a mechanism in the movements of the heavenly bodies Newton made materialism a plausible explanation of the universe. The machinery triumphs of the Nineteenth century added to this mechanistic philosophy; and we find the culmination of this great tide of materialism in its adaptation of the contents

of physics to the purposes of metaphysics. Particular scientific theories, such as the conservation of matter and force, were employed as an account of reality. The positivism of the age held that science alone provided genuine knowledge. Nature was regarded as a fixed amount of energized matter, proceeding in a ceaseless and circular round of change.

Just as these theories concerning matter were succeeding in breaking down religious authority, Darwin completed the process by launching his theory of natural selection, wherein he seemed to have found a mechanism capable of explaining the origin of living things as well. And all questions become reducible to problems of molecular physics. The physical world was now simply a system of moving bodies governed by mathematical law. The biological world was represented in the cosmos as a majestic process of natural history, or as a fixed quantity of matter, force, and energy. Thus at the end of the Nineteenth century the authority of the religious account of the universe had been so disqualified that the minds of the intelligent were ready to turn to science as to a source of verifiable truth. Nothing was basically real save atoms and the movements of atoms.

Another development of the Nineteenth century was the disappearance of the soul. Nature having been reduced to energy, the antithesis of body and mind disappears, for what is mind but energy? Before this time human life was believed to be controlled by the soul. All consciousness seemed to be purposive. Now, as every thing becomes relegated to a mechanistic basis, even the mind, consciousness no longer had any control, because there was that agent, predictability.

The Nineteenth century, concentrat-

ing on the machinelike process of matter and the sanguinary processes of the lower orders of animal life, left us with a universe that was fairly dismal. But the Twentieth century as it finds cosmic essentials and human essentials revealed in man finds a new significance. This significance has been revealed by the attempt to see nature through man. Modern philosophy says that man has qualities in him that reveal significant facts about the universe. We look to man rather than the atom for illumination as to reality.

The resolution of the atom into proton and electrons by the new physics was an important step in the upward turn. The resolution of matter into space-time through the modern theory of relativity spelled death for the old materialism. The old physics sought to generate the living out of an inert atom. The new physics has changed the inert atom into a powerful center of energy. The difference between matter and life is no longer measured between absolute passivity on the one hand and activity in the other—the difference between them is merely a difference in the character of their activities. A great gap has been bridged, if not eliminated. The world is made into a living thing.

H. A. Overstreet, in his book *The Enduring Quest*, uses a comparatively new word in speaking of evolution on the human level; he calls it Advolution. This is significant. Biology in the past has seemed to emphasize a mechanical, circular change in referring to evolution. The new theory of the story of man is not that he is continuously in a ceaseless round of change, but that he is ever changing into something better. The change is always for a greater future; it is consciously working toward something provisioned. That is the thing which differentiates the advolution of man from the evolution of plant and animal. The latter evidently cannot provision a future. Man is conscious of what is superior and is moving toward it. It

is progress. The philosopher of today is recognizing that the more clearly and continuously this advolution operates in human life, the more effective, and, shall we say, happy, life becomes.

Man's consciousness of that which is superior, and his conscious turning toward it is significant in the new mind. For a time there was a wide divergence in views. All acts were believed to be mechanical, and therefore predictable. On the other hand there was no control and no predictability. Emergent evolution saves both predictability and control. New qualities will emerge which we can bring about, and they can be predicted.

Thus we are creatures who have emerged and are still emerging. But here it becomes imperative that we ask the question, emerging into what? We have said that Man has the ability to prevision that which is superior and consciously move toward it. What is this superiority toward which we are moving?

For answer let us turn to what modern philosophy is saying as to reality. Advolution requires that we advance beyond the merely physical type of process if we wish a thoroughly inclusive description of reality. Both the idealism and the spiritualism of modern philosophy affirm the priority of mind to physical reality, the former in respect to knowledge, the latter in respect to being. Pragmatism, which contends that the mind exercises choice, or that thought is governed by purposes and related to the needs of life, is accepted by most schools of philosophical thought.

Today, then, we look at life, its actions and its purposes, and say herein lies the true reality in the universe. Beauty, Truth, Goodness, Utility,—they form an orderly progression, a whole whose parts are reciprocally and integrally intelligible as a circle or system of the forms of the spirit, all of which are virtually present in every reality. These form the elements which are the

basis of reality in the universe—Truth, because there is logic and coherence in the universe; Beauty, because in its harmony it represents the triumph of life; Goodness, because in it Beauty and Truth come together on the human level. They form a unity by integration in that whole toward which we are moving. Thus we recognize that the true direction of life is toward living into a larger wholeness of life, a life in which there is living unity. Man, says the modern philosopher, is moving toward that kind of consciousness in which there is greater integration of self with this world. Our emerging life is one in which the individual becomes one with the universe, one with his fellows as an integral part of this cosmos. Human life is a cross section of the universe.

This unity, this wholeness, toward which we are moving is explicable only as an expression of a combining intelligence. This combining intelligence presupposes a creative intelligence. "The product of relating consciousness into unity would be unreal if it were the result of the individual mind, with its own particular and limited field of experience, with its place in nature, and with its moment in history. We must suppose, therefore, that the combining intelligence which creates the real system of nature, as distinguished from that of our private and limited selves, is an eternal intelligence, which determines nature in advance of our individual human acquaintance with it, and partially and gradually reproduces itself in us. Because man can know, and participate in that combining intelligence, which constitutes nature, he cannot himself be

merely a part of nature. But man transcends nature, not only cognitively in respect to his intelligence, but also morally in respect to his will."

This life-force, then, this creative and combining intelligence, we find scientists and philosophers of today telling us, is the ultimate reality, the beginning and the end, the dynamic force behind all life and the absolute toward which all life strives.

Life itself implies personality. That which creates life, controls it, and that which is ultimate life must have qualities of personality. The danger in such an anthropomorphic view, it seems to me, is eliminated when we take for that ideal the perfect man, Christ. And so in perfect accord with modern philosophy we have a Creator of life, and eternal life in God.

Materialism rejected, even made impossible, any sort of immortality. With such a teleological view as modern philosophy has reached we conceive of the will of God as creative purpose, purpose for life of quality, quality which endures in an immortality for which it might have been created.

Thus in the philosophy of today we have found a new standard of reality, life itself; a new ethical standard, that this is a cosmic universe in which evil is caused through our ignorance of the working of laws; a new theory of knowledge, that we may know reality only through causality, because in us there is something akin to the creative world. But the greatest development is the realization of Man's place in the cosmos, and his relation to his Creator.

Patent Leather

BY CAROLYN BACON

"BOY, look at him go! That's the way, Patent Leather! Kick up some dust with them heels of yours and get around that course in a hurry!"

Colonel Bowman squinted into the field glasses which he was holding to his eyes, leaned forward excitedly, and pounded heavily on the white-washed rail fence with his free hand. Then, turning to the man who was standing beside him, he banged him on the back with terrific force as he inquired proudly, "How d'ya think that does for a race-horse? Huh?"

The man smiled and shook his head bewilderedly.

"I've never seen anything like him," he declared simply. "He seems to have wings on his feet and steam engines in his chest!"

"Aw, he's a real horse, he is. All my life I've wanted to raise one like him—just one, and this is the first time I've managed to do it. Gad, but I'm proud of him!"

He raised the glasses to his eyes again and levelled them on the horse galloping at top speed around the last turn of the track before he reached the home stretch. His fine neck was stretched as far as possible making almost a straight line from the crown of his head to the tip of his tail. His mane was tossing wildly in the wind, and the jockey who was perched on his back was crouched so low that he was scarcely visible. The beat of the horse's hoofs on the hard turf sounded like the muffled fire of machine guns in the distance, and in a moment he whizzed past them with lightning speed. Colonel Bowman glanced at the stop watch which lay on the fence before him, and his eyes widened excitedly.

"Gad," he exclaimed, his voice trembling. "That's the best he's ever made it

in! Two, thirty-six and a quarter! Come on, Jake, let's get out here on the track. I've got to pet him for that!"

The horse, after passing the spectators, had turned and, in a graceful lope came slowly back to where they were standing. As he approached, he shook his head vigorously and pawed restlessly at the firmly packed earth. A thin slip of a Negro lad about eight years old jumped from the saddle and grinned up into Colonel Bowman's face.

"He done it quick dat time, didn't he, Kun'l Bowman? Seemed 'most lak he wuz a-flyin'!"

He removed his ragged cap and scratched his woolly head slowly. Never in all the three years that he had been riding Patent Leather had the horse run as he had run today.

"He was flyin', Jitney," Colonel Bowman affirmed emphatically as he affectionately stroked the horse's sweat-dampened withers. "He's goin' to fly just like that in the Derby, too. Just watch him an' see if he don't!"

"How much would you take for Patent Leather, Colonel Bowman?" Jake asked suddenly as he twisted several strands of the horse's silky black mane and looked out absently-mindedly across the meadows of bluegrass.

"Take for him?" the colonel echoed in astonishment, the pleased smile dying on his lips and the happy twinkle fading from his cool gray eyes. "Why, money couldn't buy this horse, Jake, I thought you knew that. He's the pride of my heart—the thing I've hoped for through all these years and never really thought I'd get. And now that I've gotten him, do you think I'd sell him? No, sir, I wouldn't!"

He took the horse's beautifully-formed head between his two hands and shook it tenderly.

"Part with Patent Leather?" he said

half-musingly, looking deep into the horse's brown eyes. "Why I'd die first!"

"You'd better reconsider that statement, Colonel Bowman," Jake argued. "I'll give you fifteen thousand for him and pay you in spot cash if you'll let me have him now."

"No, Jake, not even for fifteen million. Patent Leather is going to run under my colors in the Derby week after next if I have to carry him all the way there and back in order to get him in. My heart is set on that, and I'm not going to be disappointed."

"Very well, Colonel Bowman, but you should remember that many things can happen to a horse in two weeks. They're not immortal or even invulnerable, you know. You'd better get rid of him while you have the chance."

But Colonel Bowman stuck to his decision in the matter.

"Take him to the stable, Jitney," he said to the wide-eyed boy who was making circles in the dust with his bare foot. "And tell Ed to rub him down good and bandage his hind ankles before he feeds him. And be sure not to let him drink too much water."

The two men started toward the house in silence and left the little darkey to carry out his instructions. Leading the horse closer to the fence, he climbed to the top rail and from that step he mounted the animal's back. Then giving the reins a sharp jerk to the left, he guided the horse towards a gate approximately a hundred yards down the track.

"Hey, Ed!" he called shrilly when he reached the entrance. "Come open de gate fo' me."

A tall Negro emerged from the barn and came towards the gate.

"He sho' did fly dis mawnin', Ed!" Jitney grinned broadly. "Dat's de quickest he's made it in a-tall."

Passing through the gate which Ed held open for him, Jitney rode Patent Leather in the direction of the white-washed barn lying directly in front of him.

The old barn, nestled snugly in the surrounding stretches of green meadowland, reminded one of antebellum days. Its thick log walls, its heavy, creaking doors, and its enormous hayloft were reminiscent of a past generation. Twelve stalls lined each side of the rambling old structure, and from each of the stalls a horse's head sniffed cautiously at the outside air. Long, slender nose, sensitive nostrils, sparkling eyes, erect ears—these signs proclaimed each beast to be a thoroughbred.

An occasional whinny from one of the horses, snatches of plaintive melodies hummed by Negroes in other parts of the stable, the drowsy buzz of bees busily at work in a hive nearby—these were the sounds that were wafted out on the crisp morning air. The sweet aroma of piles of timothy stored in the loft, the saltily pungent odor of sweating horses, the musty scent of damp straw and wet earth, wood smoke winding in a lazy spiral from the stone chimney of a Negro cabin blended together to comprise the characteristic odor which permeates a Kentucky racehorse farm nestled deep in the heart of the bluegrass.

A Negro lad of about Jitney's age was perched on the rail fence which circled the lots and was swinging his dusty feet slowly and absent-mindedly as he gazed overhead at the drifting clouds and casually wondered how far it was up to them. He never got to complete his estimate of the possible distance, however, for Jitney interrupted his mathematical computations crudely.

"Hey, Dan, git up off'n dat fence an' come he'p me unsaddle dis heah hoss."

Dan, agreeably obeying the command, followed Jitney and Patent Leather into a stall at the end of the barn where Jitney dismounted and began unbuckling the harness.

The little Negro during the last three years of his life had had but one companion whom he really loved—Patent Leather. The absence of other Negro boys from the farm was not the cause of

his lack of comrades, however, for there were several who were his friends. But there seemed to be something lacking from each of them, something that made Jitney dislike them more or less. Patent Leather had never disappointed him in any way, had never made fun of the things he had told him, had never betrayed any of the secrets which he had confided in him.

Being only five years old when the colt was born, Jitney had practically grown up with him. He was his self-appointed overseer and made it his especial duty to see that all was well with the splendid thoroughbred at every moment of the day.

Jitney also had another claim on the animal, for it was he who was responsible for the horse's odd name. While the beast was still a nameless colt wobbling around uncertainly on tall, spindling legs that seemed quite incapable of supporting him, Jitney had applied a term to him which had never fallen into disuse.

One day when Ed had just finished rubbing him down, Jitney, only six years old then had enquired, "He look lak patent leather, don' he?" The name had stuck, and Jitney came to feel that he owned the horse who bore it.

It was a disheartened Jake who returned to the Green Parrot restaurant in Louisville later that day. He had been sure of his success in purchasing the horse from Colonel Bowman, for he knew that the old gentleman's financial affairs were not what they had once been and that \$15,000 would look like a small fortune to him.

It was true, the amount had seemed large and would have purchased anything on his farm with one exception—and that one thing was what the price had been placed upon.

"He won't sell, boys," Jake announced to the group of rough-looking men gathered around a table in the center of the room beneath the restaurant. "He knows fifteen thousand ain't enough for a horse

that's goin' to win the Derby, and he won't consider it."

He slung his hat on a rack, jerked a chair up to the table, and sat down astride it, resting his chin on his arms folded on the chair back. The men threw down the cards which they were holding and turned towards Jake.

"Well, Just because he won't sell ain't no reason why we're goin' to give up, is it?" one of them asked. "There's other ways besides buyin' him, ya know—ways that are much easier, too."

"Yes, I know, Jake said slowly, "but I hate to harm that horse just to keep him out of the race, and there's no chance of stealing him, of course."

"Well, ya want Linsey to win, don'tcha?" the other man argued. "And ya know he won't have no chance as long as Bowman's horse is runnin' against him. It looks to me like there ain't but one thing left to do."

He shrugged meaningly and left Jake to draw his own conclusions.

"Linsey's got to win," Jake continued after a moment's thought. "I've put too much money on him for him to lose now."

"You know how the odds stand now, don'tcha?" the other man prodded him. "They're three to one in Patent Leather's favor. Everybody knows he's goin' to win."

"Yes, I know," Jake snapped feverishly. "You've told me that no less than forty times. Go on with your poker game and let me worry this out by myself."

He arose from the chair, gave it a ferocious kick which sent it tumbling across the room, and stalked to the window with arms folded and a grim expression on his face. The poker game at the table continued.

"How are ya comin', Jitney?" Colonel Bowman called from the outside of the barn to the little Negro who was brushing Patent Leather's sleek coat in a practically futile attempt to make it sleeker.

"Jes' fine, Kun'l Bowman," he called

in answer. "I'll be th'ough heah in a minute. Paten' Leather sho' did run good ag'in dis mawnin', didn' he?"

"Sure thing!" the amiable gentleman smiled, coming into the stall where Jitney was at work. "He's goin' to win that Derby without a bit of trouble. Everybody knows that, and they're bettin' on him more every day. Where's Ed?"

"He's gone to put Muskrose up, but he said he'd be back in a few minutes. Dat's him a-whistlin' now."

At that moment Ed entered the stall. His whistling ceased, and he greeted his master with his characteristic cheerful grin as he entered the stall.

"Ed," Colonel Bowman began in a rather serious tone, "I got a letter this mornin', and I don't know what to make of it. Mr. Jenkins wrote me to tell me that somebody is plannin' to do somethin' to Patent Leather before the Derby so's he won't be able to run. He said he had inside information and we'd better watch out. I don't really think there's any danger of anything happenin' to him, but it's best to be sure. You put another lock on this door today an' make sure there's no way for anybody to get into the barn. We can't let nothin' happen to him now that he's all in shape for the race an' I've paid out my last \$500 to enter him in it."

"Yassuh, Kun'l Bowman, don' you worry. I'll fix dat lock so tight cain't nobody git in. Ain't nobody goin' to do nothin' to Patent Leather if I kin he'p it."

Sam fixed the lock as he was told and considered everything sound and all right; but to Jitney, the problem of Patent Leather's safety was a weighty one, and he did not forget it so easily.

It was several nights later that Colonel Bowman opened his eyes wide and sat up in bed with a quick jerk. It seemed to his sleep-dulled brain that the door of his room would surely collapse under the terrific bangs which were being inflicted upon it. What on earth could have happened that would prompt

such a commotion at this time of the night?

"All right?" he called, still half dazed. "What is it?"

"Kun'l Bowman, Kun'l Bowman!" Ed rushed into the room wringing his hands in his excitement, "Please git up right quick and come down to de stable. It's on fiah!"

"What!" Colonel Bowman bounded out of bed and grabbed his clothes that were lying on a nearby chair.

From his window he could see the light from the flames as they soared heavenward feeding off the worm-eaten log walls of the old barn. Now he could hear the shouts of the Negroes who were already at the scene—shouts which sounded strange and unintelligible, half muffled in the roar of the flames.

The things which pierced his very soul, however, and sent cold chills of horror up and down his spine were the horses' neighings coming in rapid succession from the very depths of the raging fire.

There in that same burning stable was the pride of the colonel's heart—Patent Leather. That especially shrill neigh that seemed to drown all the others—it must have come from Patent Leather's parching throat and must have been prompted by cruel flames licking closer and closer around him, searing his ebony coat and singeing his silky mane! These thoughts ran through the colonel's brain, tormenting him beyond measure as he fumbled with his clothes in an effort to get them on.

When he reached the scene of the excitement, his heart sank for he realized the utter hopelessness and futility of any efforts he might make to save the twenty-four thoroughbreds that were stamping frantically and neighing wildly within the barn. And Patent Leather was among the twenty-four!

Negroes with huge pails and tubs were carrying water from the well nearby in an attempt to stop the flames from spreading, but it seemed that each time

one tiny flame was quenched, a dozen sprang up magically in its place as though the water was inflammable. Colonel Bowman lent all the aid he could in stopping the fire, but every effort was hopeless. The Negroes, fearing the fire and knowing how wild the horses would be because of it, refused to enter the burning barn in an attempt to save them, and Colonel Bowman realized that he was not strong enough to control one of the excited beasts alone.

The smoke was blinding, stifling, choking, and the heat was so intense that no one could get close to the building. The air was heavy with the odor of burning fodder, damp and musty from long periods of storage; the smell of smouldering wood, half-rotten, worm-eaten, and warped from wind and weather; the scent of steaming wet earth suddenly dried by the terrific heat; and above it all the dreadful, sickening odor of the burning flesh of horses, first singed, then seared, and finally reduced to black and crumbling ashes by the hissing flames.

Suddenly a tiny black figure flashed past Colonel Bowman's side, and hazily he realized that it was Jitney, and that the boy was heading straight toward the flaming building.

"Jitney!" he yelled wildly. "Jitney, where are you going?"

But his voice was lost in the uproar, and even at that moment he saw the little Negro throw his arm up before his face, grasp the latch of the flaming door with his bare hand, wrench it open, and disappear into the midst of the conflagration.

Colonel Bowman's eyes dilated with horror as he realized the rescue which the boy was endeavoring to accomplish. His mouth dropped open in a futile attempt to scream and only a hoarse moan issued from his purple lips; his nostrils distended with fear; the muscles of his face became distorted and drawn; even

the tears that were coursing down his swarthy cheeks dried instantly and left white streaks upon his face that made him look like an old, old man.

The suspense of the next few moments made them seem like ages—centuries in which Colonel Bowman stood like a marble statue, completely immobile and seemingly lifeless, his staring eyes glued on the open door of Patent Leather's stall now wreathed in flames and veiled in thick clouds of swirling black smoke.

In a moment, Jitney's familiar figure appeared tugging with all his strength on a rope, and in another second Patent Leather, stamping and champing madly on his bit, emerged from the barn.

At the self-same moment, every Negro dropped whatever he had in his hands and rushed to the aid of the boy. Could it be possible that Patent Leather was safe, that an eight-year-old boy had rescued him from a flaming stable which no grown man had dared to enter? It was true, for there stood Patent Leather before them. He was safe. But Jitney—

Limply his left arm hung at his side, the hand crushed almost beyond recognition, a slow trickle of blood dropping upon the ground beside him and marking the path over which he had come. Patent Leather had been too much for him to manage at first, and the wild rearings and frantic pawing of the horse's feet had knocked the boy to the earth when he tried to control the excited animal. Then an iron-shod hoof had descended on his bare hand before he could scramble to his feet again.

But now that they were safe Jitney's blistered face beamed. His hand did not ache; his burns did not pain him. They dwindled into things of little importance beside the fact that Patent Leather was safe. The Derby could still be run, and Patent Leather could still wear Colonel Bowman's colors.

Frailties

BY MARGUERITE RHODES

THERE are a few pitiful or enviable people who never think of trouble, even as they are being drawn into a whirlpool.

As she lay stretched out in the clover, Jean looked more like a blond, care-free little girl than a young mother. Putting her finger on the ground behind a grasshopper, she exclaimed "Hop!" as it disappeared into some shrubbery. Her baby looked a little puzzled at first and then broke out into a delighted giggle. He immediately began to frighten a dozen imaginary grasshoppers among the clover, ecstatically saying "Hop" a dozen times. Jean laughingly picked up her little boy and strolled towards the back steps. She hated to go inside: it was so fragrant and sunny in the garden. She paused dreaming a while at the door.

Having once placed her charge in his pen, she began puttering around in the kitchen, humming as she went from cabinet to sink. She soon heard David come in at the front door and called, "Hello, there!"

"Hello," was the reply.

A moment later, David stepped into the kitchen. Jean, stopping to greet him, was astounded at the expression on his face. His first smile faded as he viewed the bare table. Looking at his watch, he started to speak, but instead, turned without a word and left the room. There was something startling in his solemn eyes and tight lips. A pent-up fire seemed to glow behind stone walls.

Jean was quite affected for a moment. She hurried about getting dinner, and, at first made great progress. Yet as she put the last things on the table, her mind was already in some dreamy, distant region of its own.

In the living room David's thoughts were painfully directed to the situation at hand. First, soothing his impatience with activity, he fed the hungry canary

and picked up several newspapers scattered on the floor. Then, feeling his nervousness rise, he resolved to collect himself, and wait resignedly. Sitting down, he declared inwardly that he would not find fault with Jean any more today. Surely many fruitless efforts had taught him that no pleas or explosions of his could change Jean. He would have to make himself satisfied with the little wife he had brought to this house in such exalted happiness, only three summers before. It seemed almost a life time now. Since then he had felt so much, learned so much. Jean and now the baby had become a part of him. And yet, since the very beginning, he had never left his wife an ounce of responsibility without experiencing disappointment. Carelessness, disorder, late meals and forgotten promises were the extended wall which shut off the present from a boyhood in the smooth perfection of his mother's household. From the past he turned to the future with Jean. He tried vainly to banish from his mind the thought of years with a wife he could never depend on, years with a double burden. Why, clever as Jean was in many ways, he felt that she was miserably fitted for her share in bringing up their child. There was no answer, no way out.

David was so distraught with these thoughts that he entered the breakfast room almost savagely.

"Jean, I can't afford to be late to this engagement. We don't try to have our meals early, and it does seem—" Jean's look of hurt surprise made him think better of his words. "Well don't worry about this so much." He drew up his chair and began to eat hastily. "I can make it if I just snatch a bite and drink this glass of milk."

As he labored at chewing and swallowing, he recalled the various things of

which he should remind her and figuratively ejected them between bites.

"When Aunt Julia comes, you'll have to have everything in good order. I don't know how. Maybe you can get a girl this afternoon. And remember that she has only three hours here before catching her train to the coast. Please don't let anything happen."

He folded his napkin and, looking up, was remorseful for having distressed the fair, childish face before him. He would take time to comfort her. "I know you'll have everything awfully nice dear. It's a shame to put you to all this trouble, but we are both so indebted to Aunt Julia. And now let me see the bouncing son of the house before I go. Where is he now? In his cage?"

Even Jean felt that there was something strained in this gaiety. They walked thoughtfully to the nursery. David refused his son's entreaties to lift him up, but leaned over and stroked the silky baby hair a moment.

"Now I've got to go, Jean. But wait! Isn't this a yellow stain on his fingers? What is it? Do you know?"

"That's quinine, David. I put some on to keep him from sucking his fingers. He's awfully bad about it."

David looked up at her quickly. "Where did you get this? This isn't quinine!"

"It's out of a bottle in the cabinet that says quinine, I'm nearly sure."

"Why, quinine isn't yellow. It wouldn't look like that! Jean, you must wash it off right away. I don't know what it is, but you mustn't leave it on him a bit longer. It may be dangerous." He looked at his watch and gave a sharp whistle. "Goodbye. I'm going now. Don't forget to do that—and have everything ready for tonight. So long!" And he was out the front door and gone.

The last hour left Jean somewhat bewildered. She sat down and tried to interpret all she felt. An uneasiness and anxiety weighed upon her almost like a physical illness. Accustomed as she was

to light-heartedness, she felt strangely weary in heart and mind without understanding just why. Back of it all must have been a vague realization that David was dissatisfied with her; at least, she had caught an uneasiness from the contagion of his low spirits.

The sudden perception of all that depended on her this afternoon came to her frighteningly. She jumped to her feet with no purpose. She so wanted to do everything right. But, now that she once took things seriously, a helplessness from long habits of inefficiency bound both her mind and her body. She doubted herself. Yet she must begin work at once. She darted first to the living room to straighten the table, then to the kitchen to see what was in the refrigerator.

Time passed, but not without accomplishment. Jean's flurried efforts seemed gradually to fall under a plan, which absorbed and encouraged her. She was planning dinner as she straightened the front part of the house. Next she would order her groceries. While they were coming, she would fix up the guest room, just to be prepared. Then, when she had put everything on to cook, she would dress before setting the table so as to be presentable when Aunt Julia came. She was delighted with her first ideas of efficiency. She made a fierce and joyful resolution to have everything just right. She worked with a will. If she had time, she would put flowers in every room. She wanted everything to be nicer than David expected.

Before she began work in the kitchen, she had a sudden presentment that it was later than she thought. Only when she started to look at the bedroom clock did she think of the baby. Why, she hadn't heard a word out of him all afternoon. And no wonder! The door was shut. Opening it hastily, she went in and found the baby lying face down on a small sofa pillow in his pen. When she came in, he looked at her with a flushed

face, but turned back over and began whimpering and tossing.

"Well," consoled Jean, "did Mamma forget all about him and let him go to sleep all by himself? Come here, sugar. Come here to Mamma."

But the baby only cried, softly and strangely. Jean opened the pen and picked him up. He felt moist with perspiration and exceedingly feverish. He struggled in her arms and began to cry louder.

Slowly a feeling of terror came over Jean. She put the baby in his bed, stood looking at him, and tried to soothe him with the frantic tenderness of fear. Scarcely knowing what to do, she went to the phone and called Dr. Cook. He was busy but promised to come within an hour if possible. As she hung up the receiver, Jean first really faced the terrible possibility which had been vaguely haunting her. She ran to the bedside and grasped her baby's fingers. She looked at them again and again in desperate hope that she was deceived. The yellow stains were partly sucked off and had partly run downward even to his little hand, giving it a pitiful dingy appearance. Jean shuddered and began wildly trying to get some encouraging response from her baby.

"Oh, darling, you're so stiff and hot. Don't cry like that. Turn over. Mamma's here. Mamma won't—" Her words trailed off into a queer, soft gasp as she thought of her motherly protection.

With gentle, shaking fingers she took off his apron and wrapped a soft blanket about him. Under her anxious gaze, his condition grew more and more alarming. His crying had become low, choking sobs, and he lay there as though he did not see her, flushed, stiff, almost like a little statue portraying suffering. Jean wanted to clutch her hair and scream. Instead she rose trembling and after a moment went to the phone again. The doctor had been on his way a good while and should arrive any minute. She couldn't sit down again but went first to

her baby, then to the window, then back to the baby. She dared not touch him. It frightened her to look at him. She moaned to herself and prayed that the next moment would bring the doctor.

At a step on the porch, Jean ran out. But it was David and his aunt, Mrs. Clark, who stood at the door. They began greetings which were broken off at the sight of her haste, her pallor, and her astounded expression. To their volley of questions, she replied better by gestures than by her broken sentences. Full of apprehension they walked swiftly after her into the bedroom. At sight of the baby, David seemed almost to grow in stature with the surge of his emotion. He gave Jean a stabbing look of questioning accusation but, awaiting no answer, strode to the bed and gazed stricken upon his little son. He scrutinized the baby's condition so that no detail escaped his eyes.

At that moment the door bell rang and Jean, hearing it, burst into sudden tears. Mrs. Clark went to admit the doctor, and David turned towards the baby as a new symptom seemed to appear.

When Dr. Cook entered, a hush fell upon the room. With quiet gravity he walked to the bedside where the baby now lay in the throes of a convulsion. David indicated the stained fingers. Immediately the doctor's solemn eyes became vastly more solemn, and he slightly shook his head. He directed that he be left alone in the room, but asked that the elderly lady, in whom he placed instinctive confidence, should stay within call. Mrs. Clark persuaded Jean in spite of her weeping protests to sit in the living room, while she stayed in the hallway to be nearer the sickroom. David had left without a word. Now they heard him striding to and fro, to and fro on the dark porch.

The lonely wife in the room and the lonely husband outside each felt an icy conviction that their child's life was in the balance; the doctor's actions had seemed to confirm their worst dreads.

Jean kept telling herself that nothing could really happen, that this situation couldn't be true. Yet the knowledge that such things could and did happen put her into a kind of a frenzy of self-accusation and dread. Though she wished very much for her husband, she dared not call him. David suffered intensely with grave apprehension and felt that tragedy was about to fall upon him which he could not have influenced by his least word or action. He was rebellious against fate which let him helplessly bear anguish because of another's unspeakable carelessness. The very air of the room seemed to throb with human suffering. The quiet watcher in the hallway rose and entered the sick-room at a call. David stopped at the door of the living room and stood tensely watching another door at the other end of the hall.

After several minutes the watchers saw the knob turn; they froze in their positions, scarcely able to breathe. When the doctor entered, immediately they searched his face for the answer and found it there all too plain. Shaking his

head sadly, he spoke. "Too late, too late."

Jean gave a sharp cry and fell back in her chair, scarcely able to retain consciousness. The news seemed to spring a taught trigger in David. Immediately, seeming again to grow taller, he walked past them into the bedroom, followed by the doctor. In a moment Jean made feeble, frantic efforts to rise, babbling many things.

"My baby! Oh, I've killed him!" The older woman hastened to her side and tried to make her lie back till her strength returned.

Then, his face drawn and bloodless, David returned. He crossed the room to pick up his hat and then turned around on Jean. His face was an indescribable glass reflecting his emotions. He gave her a long, bitter look of pitiless accusation, as though blame for no single incident but for years of collected outrage expressed itself in his haggard eyes. Starting to say something, but changing his mind, he made an abrupt, hopeless gesture of finality and left the house. Completely overcome, Jean fainted.



NOW MY LIPS ARE FLAUNTING LAUGHTER

Now my lips are flaunting laughter
That ripples 'round me
And yet is no more part of me
Than a scarf tied round my neck
And blown by wayward breezes.

—Lucy Fulghum.

MOODS

I was sad
and a poem grew
which sang my sorrow anew.

Then, I was glad
and no words came
my pen lay idle and lame.

—By Frances Zachry.

God, why are we nearer Thee
only when we are helpless—
as babes wailing in their nests
and old men near Eternity?

—By Frances Zachry.

EDITORIAL

Youth In Germany

IF American youth, despite their precautions, should become sufficiently interested in politics to investigate the German Youth Movement, they would be shocked. Not that the idea of "Nudists" would be appalling; nor would our young compatriots become indignant at the thought of the unchaperoned week-ends of the boy and girl Wandervogels—moving pictures have accustomed them to the idea of such companionship. But the fact that people under thirty should have convictions in regard to political questions (other than Prohibition) and actually do something about them is almost unbelievable!

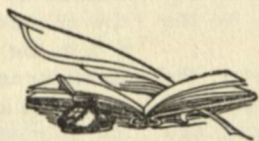
Despite the incredulity of it, young Germany has its own aims and is active in their pursuits. (Certainly, they are an outgrowth of a great dissatisfaction, and it is no wonder that they are dissatisfied. All that the oldest of the present German youth can remember of the World War is that they were hungry. They did not make it; they did not even fight in it. And they don't feel responsible for it! They have been placed in a world created for them by their parents, and they are not willing to accept its drudgeries and its penalties. Anything seems better than this existence—even another war.

Four million, or one out of every three young people in Germany are affiliated with the many groups which compose the Youth Movement. The original groups on which these are modeled, were organized by Walter Karl Fischer in 1900 with the purpose of escaping the machine run cities. Long hours in the trenches encouraged the desire for a nature of sunshine instead of mud. Discontentment gave force to the tide that surges Germany today and numerous bands, no longer limited to the Wandervogel (wandering Birds), grow stronger.

Whatever the defects of their organization, their desires typify the raw, pioneer spirit which made possible the ascendancy of the United States and for lack of which the Roman Empire declined. The ideal of a community where everyone works under elected leadership which commands absolute loyalty and obedience, is clean and heal-

thy. Their earnest longing for justice is admirable, and, naive as it may seem to our young sophisticates, they have a great hope of attaining it.

German youth is expending its energy in order to accomplish something in which it is fiercely interested. Young Americans are working equally as hard to live Life before Life kills them. Manual labor prompted by mental activity is an excellent factor in a new generation. American youth must avoid being outstripped by the children of the people their parents conquered.



BOOKSHELF

Four in Family

BY HUMPHREY PAKINGTON

Reviewed by BETTY HUNT

IN "FOUR in Family" Humphrey Pakington, one of the lesser known literary lights, has given us a truly delightful and refreshing slice of English family life. The family in question, the Warmstrys, build a country home on an old tract of family land not distant from London and proceed to become fixed citizens of the community. The book, then is more or less a detailed chronicle of the rather informal entertainments given and attended by the Warmstrys.

Besides Mr. and Mrs. Warmstry, the family consists of one son, Crispin, and three daughters, Elizabeth, June, and Laura. In the course of the book, June marries the architect who built the house, and Laura becomes engaged to a "poor but honest" young man from the city. Other than this nothing of particular interest seems to happen in the book. Of course, one of the neighbors has a baby, the old bishop dies, and a few other trite events take place, but on the whole, the story is unusual in its placidity. For there is no plot. Pakington has followed the new school of literature in making his novel as simple as it can be and still be called a novel.

The beauty of the book lies entirely in the style in which it is written. There is something spontaneous and invigorating about the writing that immediately speaks an original turn of mind on the part of the writer, and draws the willing attention of the reader. There is, too, in the twist of his peculiar expressions, in certain phrases which almost

border on the risqué, a definite touch of masculinity. This touch is one of the factors that gives the story its freshness.

Another factor is the manner of presentation that the author has chosen. He uses almost entirely the dialogue,—so entirely, in fact, that one sometimes gets the impression of a drama. This makes the reading of the book rather rapid. However the writer handles this method so cleverly that his negligible use of description is easily overlooked, and in the end his characters are more skillfully and definitely drawn than if he had spent a great deal of time in telling the color of Elizabeth's hair, the cut of Mrs. Warmstry's dress, the size of Crispin's foot, of the shade of June's eyes.

The dialogue serves not only to delineate character but it also serves as a source of pure, unadulterated enjoyment. In no sense of the word is it elegant, but the swiftness of the repartee is stimulating to say the least. Pakington somehow seems to escape with ease that forced atmosphere found too often in the conversation of new, rapidly-written novels.

Nevertheless, there is one flaw in the book which must not be overlooked. Too many times the writer is prone to make errors of grammar which are plainly the result of carelessness. Here a who for a whom, there a was for a were, some place else a me for an I, are mistakes which tend to grate on the nerves of the discriminating reader. When such mistakes are deliberately made for the purpose of lending atmosphere to a

group of uneducated characters those mistakes are perfectly permissible, but when they are made purely from haste and neglect on the part of the author, they are inexcusable.

Still "Four in Family" is an amusing story for those people who are seeking something clever, light, satirical, and above all entertaining.



PLUNGE

Waked by the fanfare
And marching of dawn,
They found a new care—
Their other selves gone.

He is tawny and golden,
A child of the day;
Brawny, emboldened
With a boy's naivete.

Like sifting of ashes
The sound of her there

With dew on her lashes,
Last dusk in her hair.

Knowing their turn's at hand,
Knowing it's just;
Hating to leave the land—
Knowing they must.

The water lave tenderly!
They're chaste as white prayer.
God grew them so slenderly,
Waves, have a care!

—Lucy Fulghum.

VERSE

Love smiled a smile for me
And I thought
"Love is kind."
I wore a rose for Love
I forgot—
Love is blind!

—Lucy Fulghum.

LAVENDER

SUPPLICATION

Let me scatter music everywhere I go;
Even until I die
And the soul of me
Goes music-making
To another world—not far.

To the blind I beg it be a lighting star—
To those whose hearts
Are at the breaking—
Place—a new fresh beauty—

Let it make them glad again,
And kind in some small trifling way.

Let my music—be it prose
Or soft-said verse,
Open up a renaissance
For those grown aged
Before their time.

Let my music's lilting rhyme
Renew a song in those
Whose melody becomes too bitter and
too terse;

May its warming rhythm cause to dance
The man prosaic, caustic, and too sage.

And when that which is not now
Nor then, nor this nor that,
Nor earthen and not unholy,
Has departed from my proud possession—

(If it must); then quickly
Let me pass to other places. How
Can I so wholly reconcile me
To the death of my obsession?

I will not be bitter in the losing.
Though my soul, so emptied of its treasure,
Might rebel; and yet—
I know that those time-tested few whose
pleasure

Was to feel, to know, while choosing
Beauty—

I know that they will not forget.

—By Modena McPherson.

I would say a prayer,
And, may it reach Thee,
For those who are there
Across the sea.

Guide them, and take care
Lest they tear apart

And plunge in despair
Our loving hearts.

Let us not, O God,
Fight one another.
Remind us, O God,
"Keeper of thy brother".
—By Frances Zachry.

NIGHT

Shameless
Lady Earth lifts
Her soft white arms of mist

Entreating her lover,
The moon, to sink
Into her cool arms
And rest content.

—By Frances Zachry.

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